No. 30. VOL. VI.

The Balance, AND COLUMBIAN REPOSITORY.

"HAIL SACRED POLITY, BY FREEDOM REAR'D!
"HAIL SACRED FREEDOM, WHEN BY LAW RESTRAIN'D!"
BEATTIE.

HUDSON, (New-York) TUESDAY, JULY 28, 1807.

Original.

Hither the products of your closet-labors bring,
Enrich our columns, and instruct mankind.

FOR THE BALANCE.

EXTRACT

From a Letter of a learned Traveller.

"THE last winter has been long, and sometimes extremely cold. The spring has been remarkably unpleasant and backward. I am told that vegetation is commonly a month earlier than it has been this season; so that it would be unfair to judge of the climate from what I have seen. Indeed I am inclined to believe from information, that the weather is very inconstant, and that hardly two seasons are found to resemble one another.

"Among the frivolous charges brought against gov. Lewis at the late election, it is surprising that he has not been accused of producing snow and hail, of retarding the verdure of the earth, and of preventing the farmers from planting their corn. Those who believed the tales which were circulated against him, could have easily been persuaded to believe the others; and they would have more effectually ruined his character. The stories about Arnold—the Merchants' bank—and reviewing the militia—do not appear to me half so well suited to the faith of a democrat; for they have been shewn with irresistable evidence, to have done great honor to Mr. Lewis; whereas had it been asserted that his administration had set the elements at war against a people who elected him to office, he must have incurred universal execration.

"Among the wild animals in this part of the country, there are the *Crof*, the *Ours*, the *Loup*, the *Renard* and *Isâtis*, the *Raton*, the *Mouffette*, the *Palatouche*, and almost all the sorts of those vulgarly called *squirrels*; the black—the red—the ground—and the little grey. The black squirrel is much more common here than in Pennsylvania; and the red, so far as my observation has extended, is exclusively to be found in this state. The Loup is very destructive to sheep; the Renard preys upon the poultry; and the Ours is a great lover of swine. It will be impossible to avoid wholly the devastation of these, until the country is better cleared and more thickly settled. A Loup will destroy in one night, a whole flock of sheep; an Ours will carry off a fat hog; and while the farmer is chasing one Renard, another will slip in and bear away a goose or a turkey. The housewife who anxiously feeds and watches numerous broods, blesses herself, if she can raise half of them.

"Of the many newspapers in the United States, few of them are conducted with tolerable ability and decency. Those called *federal* are generally by far the superior. There is a new *republican* establishment, however, in the city of Albany, which, I think may vie with any for talents and purity. The editor took a warm and active part in the re-election of Mr. Lewis; but his *Republican Crisis* was never dishonored by misrepresentation, scurrility, and abuse; things employed in the support of a bad cause, and injurious to the taste and morals of the people. I have it in a way on which I can depend, that the editor has refused whole pieces, and has softened or altered parts of others where the least impropriety or want of decorum appeared. Such a man to whatever political sect he belongs, merits the approbation and support of society.

"Some of the democrats show a great deal of spite with very little wit. During last winter, application was made to the legislature for the grant of certain privileges to *Cooperstown*, a handsome and flourishing village at the lower end of Otsego lake. Some of the democratic enemies of the gentleman who had been the original founder, and constant patron of the village, and in honor of whom it had been named, contrived to have inserted in the act, the Indian name of the "*Otsego* village." This is construed to be significative of the inclination of the democrats to turn to a savage state. Indeed this is the natural tendency of democracy, and unless checked, it must end there. The place is still called by the civilized, and is known abroad only by the name of COOPERSTOWN; so that the white Indians have intrigued to their own defeat and shame."

FOR THE BALANCE.

THOUGHTS.

THE practice of limiting the income to the continuance of widowhood is imprudent and unjust. If the wife has assisted in gathering the estate, why should she not enjoy it during her life? And if it be intended to prevent a second marriage, is it not an improper restraint and likely to put it the more effectually into her head?

It is common to say, that such a man has no pride; when perhaps, he has only the art of concealing it.

Wealth with a disposition to employ it for noble purposes, is a distinguished blessing from Heaven.

Ladies when they rise to take their leave after a visit, have generally a number of things to settle before they can move; such as, who owes the other a visit—whether they will come soon, and not let it be long first—whether they intend to visit the new bride, and when, &c. This is useful to exercise the patience of the gentlemen who are to wait upon them home.

It was a good reason which a gentleman gave to his friend for not pulling off his boots at his lodging, that he had holes in his stockings; though the reason which another gave for wearing his, that he had no shoes to put on, was perhaps still better.

MENTOR.

FOR THE BALANCE.

MR. PRINTER,

IT always gives me pleasure to see striking traits of patriotism and public spirit amongst my fellow-citizens. If we are all patriots, our country is safe. What a charming reflection! I have not been abroad much since last war, Mr. Printer, and of course cannot tell how the matter stands in other parts; but within the circle of my acquaintance, I rejoice to find that patriotism wonderfully abounds.——When the news of the late British outrage first arrived here, you know how our citizens were electrified. You know how we crowded into the city-hall, till the house would hold no more. You know what spirited resolutions were adopted. You know how much we tried to outvie each other in acts of patriotism—that is, in *making a noise*. You remember the clapping, and huzzas, and clamor. It made my old heart leap for joy, Mr. Printer.

Thus the matter passed for a while; and I really believed that Hudson contained exactly as many patriots as inhabitants; nor was I undeceived, until the orders of the president for raising a standing army, arrived. This immediately turned the current of public spirit. I cannot say that any one shuddered; but numbers were heard to say, "they hoped the affair would be settled;" and nearly all seemed carefully to avoid a repetition of the resolution to "support government in measures of redress or punishment at every hazard of life and fortune."——I was anxiously looking about to discover some little glimmering of patriotism, when I had the satisfaction to learn that the *Hudson Volunteers* had unanimously agreed to tender their services to the government, to make up a part of the quota required; and I soon after observed an invitation in the public prints for the young men to come forward and fill up the company. Prospects, I thought, began to brighten; and I did not entertain a doubt, that more candidates would offer than could possibly be admitted. I pictured to myself an hundred patriotic young men rallying round the standard of their country. But, alas, Mr. Printer, how an old soldier will deceive himself.—The Volunteers turned out—they beat up for recruits—they harangued—they exerted themselves to stir up a little military ambition. But, all in vain! Not a single man was added to their ranks in consequence!

The Volunteers, however, are not disheartened.—Their company is yet small; but spirited, ambitious and well disciplined. They stand ready to obey the call of their country; and they seem only to regret that, in case they take the field, they must be accompanied by *draughtlings* (if I may use the term) whom *chance* not *choice* has made soldiers.

CORPORAL TRIM.

Hudson, July 27.

The following toast was drank at Albany on the 4th of July:—

Adjutant-General Solomon Van Rensselaer—We congratulate him on having *twice* escaped with his life from the hands of savages.

Communication.

IT must be allowed that the force which Mr. Jefferson has ordered to be embodied and held in constant readiness, is competent for the purpose intended. One hundred thousand men are able to fight not only all the men in the British ships of war now on our coasts, but any number of British troops which may reasonably be expected to land between this and next spring; when another draught, if necessary, can be made. Though our militia cannot go into the water without the danger of being drowned, unless rafts are provided; and though the ships of war may not approach within gun-shot, yet it is pretty clear they will not dare to venture on shore; but be obliged to hover about the mouths of our harbors; perhaps now and then they may come so near as to fire a shot on a sea-port town. This however signifies little when they can carry nothing away; and when in a very little time, there will be no merchant-men for them to catch.

X.

Selected.

From the Evening Post.

If reliance is to be placed on the following extract from the last *Quebec Mercury*, there is an end to the hopes of our administration, that Great-Britain will disavow the conduct of commodore Douglas.

"QUEBEC, *June* 29.

"We learn by the arrival of capt. Bettes-
"worth, of his majesty's frigate Crocodile,
"that orders had been received by the king's
"ships on the Halifax station, to board the
"American frigate now at sea, *and take by*
"*force every British seaman that may be*
"*found on board her*. The force of the A-
"merican ship is said to be 52 guns."

This is no more than we have always believed. We never could for a moment suppose that any English captain or commodore would proceed to the lengths that we have recently witnessed without the support of direct and positive orders from the government.

The strange and mysterious inconsistency of certain men and certain prints among us in being eager for war with Great-Britain and at the same time averse from preparing for it by placing the country in a state of defence on shore and by providing it with a navy to make itself respected at sea, can only be accounted for on the supposition that it will favor the plan of an alliance with France. A plan which was in the early formation of our government hatched between foreign spies and domestic traitors, and which though for a time concealed has never been abandoned by them. An alliance with France! It is already begun to be circulated in whispers. And what could France do for us? Surely a French soldiery is not wanted to fill up our armies, and as to any aid at sea, France is without a marine to aid herself. Let us not be accused with harboring imaginary suspicions. Were we at liberty to do so, we could divulge some things that would make the public stare. We will finish with one word: those who indulge hopes of this sort, may rest assured, that the people of this country never will consent, under any circumstances, to become the allies, in order that they may, like all his other allies, at length become the vassals and slaves of the French emperor.

The following remarks from the National Intelligencer have an awful squinting.

WASHINGTON-CITY, July 17.

The crisis in our affairs has been met with a proper temper and an honorable decision. There is no American, who has not felt the indignity offered to his country, and who has not boldly avowed his preference of war to abject submission. Such are the feelings we had reason to expect from the hearts of freemen and Americans. Their love of peace may have been mistaken abroad, and have been ascribed to pusilanimous fears of danger; but at home there is no man, who does not know that it has arisen from a spirit of benevolence and a dispassionate conviction of the best interests of the nation. It remains, perhaps for us to demonstrate this fact to an unbelieving world.

That the spirit of Americans is invincible, if disputed, will be proved. The dangers it has encountered and repelled, which are the noblest monuments of our glory—are pledges that we will maintain our liberties with as great valor as was exerted in their acquisition. In our revolutionary contest, our present happiness and national elevation was little more than the dream of philosophy. If then a whole people submitted to the hardships and sufferings of a seven years war to attain an uncertain good, what limit shall we oppose to that fortitude or active courage which shall be called forth to maintain not only a great and certain good—but the greatest blessing ever enjoyed by human beings? We may boldly affirm that there is no sacrifice of personal ease or emolument, and no exertion within the physical power of the nation, that will not be made with alacrity. This undaunted spirit is the basis on which the measures taken on our part will rest. But while it is our only positive security against that injustice and despotism that know no other measure for right than force, and while it is cherished as the sacred shield for our rights, there are other considerations of high interest, deserving of our attention and equally deserving of the attention of our enemies.

Should Britain refuse to redress our wrongs it will become a wise government and an intelligent people, to husband with all the economy in their power, the national resources by adopting those measures which shall in the highest degree combine our own security with the injury done to our enemy. Let us strike at those points in which she is most vulnerable, and guard those from her assault in which we are most exposed.

The war waged between the U. S. and G. Britain will be of a peculiar kind. After a very short period there will cease to be any considerable conflict of arms except on the ocean. The British possessions on

the continent will soon fall, and the West-Indies be commercially lost to Britain. They must be either our friends or our enemies—if the former, their intercourse with Britain will be at an end; if the latter, we shall starve them if not fight them into submission. On the ocean the British navy will be balanced by the swarms of cruisers fitted out from our ports. Every merchant vessel will be converted into a letter of marque and reprisal. We shall consequently have no trade on the ocean to reward the cupidity of our enemy; while her vast and ramified commerce will be the victim of our privateers. The system of convoys will afford her but a feeble and a totally inadequate protection. Hostilities once commenced between the two nations, a great change will be effected in the state of the respective belligerent powers. Russia, and all those powers who ordinarily embark in her contests, will discern their true policy too distinctly not to pursue it. France will see the policy of offering them terms which they will in all probability eagerly accept, the more especially from the cessation of British tribute, the sources of which will be dried up in a war with us. The ardent and ascendant ambition of Russia to rise to maritime importance will be unfolded. She will become the open ally, or the secret friend of America, not more interested than herself in curbing the naval superiority of Britain, and in establishing neutral rights on a broad and just footing.

The combined navies of Russia, France, Spain, Sweden, Turkey and America, if not equal to, will at least give full employment to the British navy. She will no longer be able to distribute her strength in convoys without exposing herself to great injury, if not to irremediable ruin. The allies will concentre their strength either in a single fleet, or in a few squadrons of considerable force, which will require the undivided strength and the unceasing vigilance of Britain to keep in check.

What will then be the situation of her commerce? It will be at the mercy of our privateers: at the mercy of an enterprize, a hardihood and a valor, which we have already shewn to be unsurpassed, if not unequalled.

We have seamen enough to equip seven hundred respectable privateers. Supposing that each of these took only four vessels a year, valued at 15,000 dollars, we are presented with an aggregate of forty-two millions of dollars, which exceeds the amount of our annual consumption of foreign goods.

Such would be the loss to our enemy.—What would be her gain? The capture of a few privateers, generally so much disabled before they were taken, as to be of little worth.

From open hostilities then, it is apparent, we have little to apprehend.

A prosecution of the subject will shew that the incidental and necessary effects of war upon us will be much less injurious than on Britain.

To prove this, we shall examine its effects on the pursuits of the inhabitants of the two nations;—on national wealth;—and on their political condition.

From the Evening Post.

COMMODORE BARRON.

THE impression on the public mind is at present almost universally unfavorable to commodore Barron. The letter of his own officers, preferring charges of misconduct and requesting a court of enquiry, has had almost the same effect as sentence of guilty. We confess we have been among the number of those who reprobated his conduct, but deeming it unwarrantable in the highest degree to interfere with a pending trial, we have forborne to say a syllable on the subject. Now, however, since for causes unknown, this trial is postponed to some indefinite time or perhaps put off forever, there seems no impropriety in communicating to the public all we know on a question so highly interesting and so very important to the nation.

The editor of the Washington Federalist informs us in his last that commodore Barron has written a long letter to Washington which he has seen, and that in it "the commodore attributes the want of resistance on his part to the unprepared state of the ship, and the *misconduct of his officers*. He also accuses the government of injurious treatment in removing him from his command, before an enquiry was had into his conduct.

The following defence originally appeared in the same paper, from which it has been extracted into the Aurora.

From the Washington Federalist.

TO THE EDITOR,

I was sorry to observe in your paper of the 1st inst. a palpable mistatement of the late outrage committed on the frigate Chesapeake, under command of commodore Jas. Barron, and from your generous declaration that you have no wish to injure the reputation of that officer, I am sure you will take pleasure in publishing the following remarks.

That commodore James Barron and no other person on board the Chesapeake had any reasonable ground to apprehend an attack from the Leopard, appears from the manner the captain of the Leopard hailed the Chesapeake; and from the circumstance of the ladies, and children of Dr. Bullus's family, who were passengers, remaining on deck, until the first gun was fired from the Leopard, and they had only gone into the wardroom when a broadside was given.

Secondly, at the time the Leopard came along side of the Chesapeake, the crew was employed in getting the anchor secured on the bows and coiling the cables below, one cable still remaining on deck. You also err in stating that the guns were loaded with double headed shot—they were only loaded in the customary way with round shot as the guns of all ships are when going to sea. I can also assure you that capt. James Barron has not been to Norfolk since the Chesapeake has been in commission—his place of residence being near Hampton. This fact sufficiently contradicts the report of the captain of the Melampus having told him he would have his men by fair or foul means.

That capt. Barron was as anxious to defend the flag as any other officer on board, appears from his having desired his officers to repair to quarters, as soon as danger was apprehended, and to do it without an unnecessary display of hostilities, as soon as he had read the orders of the British captain, which was sent on board his ship under the appearance of a private dispatch supposed for Europe. That after giving the answer he went on deck and endeavored to hail the Leopard, when a gun was fired at him & a broadside followed, which was near terminating his existence—notwithstanding this he made several efforts to hail the Leopard, standing in the open gangway exposed to as heavy a fire as ever was witnessed. In this situation he continued to receive their fire for the space of fifteen minutes. Finding not a gun had been or could be made ready to fire from his own ship—his masts, rigging, and hull cut to pieces, a shot between wind and water, and upwards of 4 feet water in the hold—he reluctantly ordered the flag to be struck. But it is totally false that he hauled it down with his own hands. I am told from good authority it was done as usual by one of the quarter masters of the after guard. Such a report could only be made by one of captain Barron's bitter enemies, which God knows he has enough of.

There has, however, been a deficiency in some department of the ship—if capt. Barron did order all hands to quarters before the enemy began to fire—even if it was without the usual forms—and if it was after the firing commenced, had the ship been prepared for an engagement, would she not have been able to return a gun previous to the colors being struck? There is no doubt of it—and I suspect on the trial it will appear the ship was not prepared? Why was this fire not returned? Because the priming horns and matches could not be got from the magazine—owing, it is stated, to the confusion the gunner was thrown into, at the first broadside—This also indicates that the magazine was not well arranged—will any man say, that was the commodore's fault? Captain Barron did not go on board the Chesapeake, as the acting captain; he was in the capacity of commodore, with an officer acting as captain, under him, namely, captain Gordon, whose rank is a master commandant. After an elapse of fifteen minutes, the Leopard pouring into the Chesapeake, two powderhorns were obtained from below by captain Gordon himself, and given to lieutenant Allen, who fired a gun with a coal of fire or a logger head from the galley—no matches being yet ready. Fifteen minutes is a long time for a ship to receive the fire of an adversary of superior force, without being in the capacity to return a gun—and no man can be deemed a coward who can stand fifteen minutes in the open gangway of a ship, exposed to as heavy a fire as can be conceived. A court of enquiry which will be held on the spot, will determine where the blame ought to attach. It is therefore cruel that the character of a man who once stood so high, should be blasted, until judgment is given against him.

A FRIEND TO JUSTICE.

Literary.

[David Hitchcock, author of "*the Shade of Plato*," "*Knight and Quack*," and some other minor poems, is preparing for the press another work, which he calls "*A Poetical Dictionary, or Interpreter of Modern Hieroglyphics.*" He introduces this work with an "apology to the public," which we offer to the reader without comment:—

Edit. Bal.]

THE author, who, (to tell the truth)
Has been a cobbler from his youth,
Of late has spent a share of time
In twisting language into rhyme,
A specimen of which device
He now presents to public eyes,
And craves their gracious approbation
With most consummate veneration.

His skill (if any they discern)
He never serv'd a time to learn.
Clio, nor none of her relations,
With their romantic operations,
E'er took the least degree of pains
To animate his leaden brains.
He ne'er bestrode the horse *Pegasus*,
Nor took a nap on mount *Parnassus*,
Nor from the inspiring spring below it
Inhal'd the virtues of a poet.

Nor has his rude unpolish'd mind
By taste, or learning been refin'd.
Those gems, which many chance to seize on
To gild the dusky path of reason,
And light their genius to the skies,
Were hid by fortune from his eyes.

Perchance this artless exposition
Of his unfortunate condition,
Join'd with examples here display'd,
Prove him a bungler at the trade;
And that he has not each credential
That for your favor is essential:
But 'tis by observation known,
That be it so; he's not alone;
Numbers, beside, for fame, or pelf,
As rude, and ignorant as himself,
Are palming their impertinence
Upon the world for wit and sense,
And chance by some propitious blunder
To raise an universal wonder.

Of all who write in prose or rhyme,
Those who invent, from time to time,
The most incompetent devices,
Full oft engross the highest prices;
While those whose works, like diamonds bright,
Have crown'd society with light,
Find, after all their care, and trouble,
They've rack'd their genius for a bubble.

Since those, of all the scribbling host,
Who least deserve, are favor'd most;
'Tis not essential, in the least,
To have the learning of a priest,
Nor be a lawyer; nor physician,
Nor sage, nor carping politician,
Nor have the art of necromancy,
To hit the world's capricious fancy.

For one, who, with a copious view
Has trac'd the field of science through,
To tell the public what he knows
Is nothing strange, the world suppose:
But when a vain illiterate widgeon,
In police, physic, or religion,
Pretends, before he knows his letters,
To palm instruction on his betters:
When such, by vanity entic'd,
Attempt to plead the cause of Christ,
And preach the tidings of salvation
By the mere breath of inspiration:
When they profess some secret knack
To drive the king of terrors back;
And from decay and dissolution
To guard the human constitution:
Or when they strive, in public papers,
To cut electioneering capers;
And with inflexible devotion
Gamble for honor and promotion;
When such strange wonders burst to light,
Mankind are startled at the sight;
And think the genius they exhibit
Demands an universal tribute.

Hence, reason this conclusion draws,
That public censure, or applause,
Which most, in all professions meet,
Is chiefly popular conceit,
Which no establish'd rule, as yet,
Exactly qualifies to hit.

'Tis true, it is a hard reflection,
That those, the nearest to perfection,
Are doom'd, their services to waste
Upon a rude, ungrateful race.
'Tis likewise, an unhappy sight,
That ign'rance, prejudice, and spite,
With all the whims the world inherit,
Must arbitrate upon their merit.
'Tis furthermore a sad disaster,
That layman, quack, or poetaster,
Can call the world's attention forth
From viewing far superior worth:
But since the public passion goes
To relish superficial shews;
And since no plan has been unfurl'd
To probe this humor from the world,
The author fain would take occasion
To foster such infatuation;
And thinks, the method he's embrac'd
To gratify the public taste,
By what's here penn'd for their diversion,
Must be a laudable exertion.

He owns, he's not a little jealous,
That many persons, like *Apelles*,
May think the profits of the awl
Give him, by far, the loudest call;
But since th' improvements of his trade,
With closest application made,
But scarce afford an ample ration
To feed the springs of animation;
He views it politic, at least,
To have his daily income piec'd;
And by the use of *ink* and *leather*,
To occupy *two trades* together:
A plan so honestly intended,
Must by the world be recommended;
When it is made to understand,
That *Pen'ry's* persecuting hand,
With no just ground of provocation,
Has long besieg'd his habitation;
And thinks, by pressing him so tortly,
To make him "kick the bucket" shortly.

But some assert, 'tis all a farce
To thrive by manufacturing verse.
Poets (as *Franklin's* works assure)
Are doom'd to be forever poor;
And all their prospects (as he traces)
Are built upon an airy basis.

That some with wealth are not invested,
Is not a matter now contested.
Fortune has lavish'd her abuses
On those familiar with the *muses*:
Homer, was forc'd to beg his bread:
Ovid, his life in exile led:
Thomson, did to this passion listen
Until it threw him into prison:
Milton, whose deathless pages teem
With the most elevated theme
That e'er the human mind projected,
Pass'd thro' the vale of life neglected.
Numbers, beside, might here be quoted
Of lives to poesy devoted,
Who, while their imagery was carving,
Have come within an inch of starving!

But tho' such instances we trace;
There's some, who other calls embrace,
In ev'ry age, in ev'ry land,
Have felt dire *Pen'ry's* iron hand.
Fell disappointment, need, and pain,
Those frightful visitants of men,
Are oft, the merciless annoyers
Of ev'ry class, *except the lawyers*.
The world has oftentimes survey'd
Numbers, in ev'ry honest trade,
Who, in spite of what their hands procure,
Have liv'd in want, and died obscure;
Yet, 'twould be folly to maintain
That *versifying* was their bane.

Besides, the public will confess
That poets oft have had success.
Arion, (in ages long before,)
When sailing to the Latin shore,
By virtue of a song ('tis said)
Had the good luck to save his head:
Virgil, (as in his life they tell us)
In lays devoted to *Marcellus*,
Did for a compliment so fine,
Make a large spec on ev'ry line:
And *Wolcott* too, who sung of late,
The louse that fell on George's plate,
Drew a large pension from the state.

Since instances are thus recorded
Of *Poets* that have been rewarded;
This gift, to have their prospects blighted,
No baleful star has interdicted.
Kind Providence has ne'er design'd,
While arts of ev'ry other kind
Were by the smiles of fortune pamper'd,
To have this noble science hamper'd:
And since no spell is in the way,
He trusts, at some succeeding day,
By means of his poetic dint
To taste the products of the *mint*:
Should *Heaven*, this envied boon bestow,
'Twould make his stinted genius grow;
And give his wit a brighter burnish
Than all the *wreaths* the age could furnish.

Think not from hence, your bard would seem
T' affect indiff'rence for esteem.
For tho' he cannot well conclude
That praise will serve, instead of food;
Yet could his name, before he dies,
Shine, like a *comet* in the skies,
With a "long tail" of glory to it,*
So that posterity could view it;
Such a memorial of his wit,
Pluck'd from *Oblivion's* gloomy pit,
And in the scrolls of honor pickled
No doubt, would make the poet *tickled*.

But waving subjects indirect,
The author with profound respect,
Must have a word or two to say
To the wise critics of the day.
Good gentlemen, when you attend
To the production he has penn'd;
Defects and blunders may appear
Enough to carp at half a year.
Perhaps you'll cast a sneering look
At the odd title of his book;
And think no one before his time
E'er wrote a *Lexicon* in rhyme:
Or you may think, whene'er you've read it,
That it deserves but little credit,
Because he's interwove no streak
Either of *Latin*, *French*, or *Greek*.
But since this work, he's undertaken
From *poverty* to save his *bacon*,
For once, your scrutiny delay,
And let the poet have his way.
Should you by observation find
Some of society inclin'd
To purchase what he has to peddle,
He begs you not to intermeddle:
If you perceive the work's a cheat,
If the design is incomplete,
If ev'ry patron is a dunce,
Pray, let them find it out for once;
And though ye disapprove the object,
At least be silent on the subject:
For, gentlemen, in such a matter,
Whether you discommend, or flatter,

* It is a happy circumstance for a public speaker to have language and metaphor so familiar to his mind, that he can express his ideas to the best possible advantage. Mr. L....d remarked, (in his oration delivered at Cheshire) that the character of a certain great author, who wrote the 'Mercenary Match,' would shine with a 'long tail' in the vast circle of his poetical acquaintance.

The *praise*, or *stigma* you entail
Weighs heavy in the public scale:
Should you approve the author's scheme,
His heart with gratitude would teem;
The curse that on your censure waits,
He most sincerely deprecates;
And should you muster all your force,
The public friendship, to divorce;
Men of such literary note,
Might set his prospects all afloat;
And force him yet, for food to carve,
Either to *beg*, or *steal*, or starve.

Thus, gentlemen, he barely names
A favor, which he humbly claims
From the known clemency and grace
Which such great geniuses possess:
If you should deign, in your condition,
To hearken to your bard's petition;
And when his work you scrutinize,
Just keep your knowledge in disguise;
Your grace, by being thus observant,
Will much oblige your humble servant.

Miscellany.

THE ARCH-POLITICIAN,

NO. VI.

THE high salaries given to officers of government are a subject of loud complaint: We never, indeed, hear of the officers themselves complaining, except of the inadequacy of their support; and when those who made the most noise obtain places, they generally become mute. This ought not to appear strange, for it is an old proverb, "Strike a dog with a bone and he will not growl."—Some are heard even to plead the propriety and necessity of the public rewarding handsomely those who serve them; in order, say they, that respect may be ensured, that the best talents may be called forth, and that there may be no temptation to bribery or peculation.

Did such arguments deserve an answer, it might be said, that a man can be found to thresh, grub, or split rails (which is much harder work than the affairs of government) for a few shillings a day, and be glad of the employment. In our very cities where living is the most expensive, I have not heard that a labourer asks more than between eight and twelve shillings a day. If then, this is sufficient to support him and his family, where can be the propriety and necessity of all this profuse expense? Nay, might not salutary consequences flow from a different economy? For instance, were members of congress a little pinched, is it not probable that they would more punctually attend the house, be less prolix in their speeches, and thus the session be shortened? Will they say, that they make a sacrifice by leaving their wives, and foregoing superior advantages from their business at home? Let them stay. We can easily find others who will promise to serve us for half the money, and who, in their own opinion, will serve us better. I have a faint recollection of hearing of one who gained his election by an outrageous abuse of high salaries, and strong asseverations that he would have them lowered, but who, when he came to the assembly, began to waver in his sentiments; and on his return, gravely told his constituents, that the arguments on the other side were stronger than he had imagined, and that upon the maturest deliberation he did not think the pay much too extravagant. Did those who are so conscientious as to this matter, refuse to accept the pay when it is their own turn, it would have beneficial effects. But I have never understood that a protest of this sort has occured to them.

The principle for which I contend is still more perfect, when those who have long served in public stations are suffered at last to die in poverty and neglect. They ought to be straitened while in office, and starved when they are no longer useful. In this respect the constitution of New-York is a pattern. It ordains that no man shall be a judge after the age of sixty years; but makes no provision whatever for his future support; as wisely concluding, I suppose, that he ought then to adjourn to the other world. So have I seen a horse, who once drew the plough, stretched himself to drag the heavy load, carried the grist to mill, and pranced beneath the rider to the church or fair; but now grown old and toothless, foundered in his limbs, and his ribs starting through his skin, turned by his master to the fields or woods——TO DIE.

This principle is carried to the summit of perfection, when nothing is done to perpetuate the memory of eminent servants after their death. This keeps us at the greatest distance from the practice of the heathen who exalted their heroes into gods, and from the canonization of the popish church; and, what is of no small importance, it saves money to the public, and makes men quite disinterested in their services. In some countries they manage this matter otherwise, by giving pensions to those who distinguish themselves, and by holding up their names as an encouragement to their successors. There has been something of this kind in this country; occasioned, it is presumed, from a slavish imitation of the British government which rewards its servants with places, pensions, titles, ribands, and monuments. But, it must be said, we have erred less in this respect than was to have been expected, and are hopefully advancing to the zenith of glory.

The first Governor, after the revolution, of New-Jersey, had he been a British subject, might have obtained a place among the poets and statesmen in Westminster-Abbey; but neither the country which he so essentially served, nor the state over which he presided with so much dignity and reputation, nor the men of genius and virtue, though he was their brother, have given him a monument. Perhaps no individual contributed more to a dissemination of those principles which eventually produced our revolution, than he did by his writings. He thoroughly understood civil and ecclesiastical liberty, and was their ablest champion. He possessed the finest talent of humour and satire, which, when he employed, always proved fatal to his opponents. "Dreadful was the gleam of his sword, and many were the deaths of his arm."—He enjoyed for many years that "philosophic solitude" which he had described in homeric numbers, at an early age. In the evening of life, he bore his afflictions like the christian whose thoughts are fixed upon a better world. The late Governor Livingston was revered by all who knew his worth, and dreaded only by infidels, fools, and knaves. Had a monument been erected to him, I would have concluded this number with the two last lines of Pope's Iliad, if they may not be thought improperly applied to a christian hero:

"Such honours Ilion to her hero paid,
"And peaceful slept the mighty Hector's shade."

COLUMBUS.

From the Evening Post of July 17.

THE most interesting article that we have been able to discover in our customary morning hunt for the amusement of our readers, is a letter from Dr. Bollman to the editor of the Aurora, concerning the treatment he has experienced from the president. We should publish the letter at full length, long as it is, but as it advances a decided opinion respecting the guilt of col. Burr, who is soon to be put on trial for his life, we deem it improper: we shall therefore confine ourselves to that part which relates to the president, in the impeachment of whose honor the nation must feel itself concerned.

Dr. Bollman says that having had an interview with the President and Mr. Madison, in which he made certain communications, the object of which was to exculpate Col. Burr from the charges that had been advanced against him, he received from the president the next day the following note, the original of which is now in his, (Dr. Bollman's) possession.

"The communications which Dr. Bollman made yesterday to Thomas Jefferson, were certainly interesting; but they were too much for his memory. From *their complexion and tendency* he presumes that Dr. Bollman would have no objection to commit them to writing, in all the details into which he went yesterday, and such others as he may have then omitted, Thomas Jefferson giving him his word of honor that they never shall be used against himself, and *that the paper shall never go out of his hands.*"

January 25, 1807.

This note is written in the plain *republican*, style of a genuine *sans culotte*—but from what follows we fear that plainness and integrity do not always necessarily and unavoidably go together. The remainder shall be told in Dr. Bollman's own words.

"I immediately complied with the president's request, and considering the communication, in conformity with the tenor of his note, as *strictly confidential*, I had no motive to be unusually guarded or to weigh every expression with more than ordinary care.

The paper, containing nearly twenty pages was hardly finished, when I immediately sent it to the president. I borrowed it of him sometime afterwards when in prison, in order to take a copy, and then returned it!

The whole of it goes to the two points abovementioned, viz. to disprove treason,

and to shew the expediency of war. It can give no other ideas to an unbiassed reader, unless one or two expressions, improperly used, and for which the allowance ought to be made, that the English is not my native language, are singled out, are considered disconnectedly with what precedes and follows and construed in a hostile manner.

The president had given his word and honor, that this paper should not be used against myself; yet *on it* was predicated the pretended necessity of a pardon for my personal safety. The attorney for the district in open court, when offering me the patent of pardon, referred to it. Nay, when I indignantly refused that pardon, he reminded me of the *horrors of an ignominious fate*, in order, if possible, to change my determination! Is a paper not used against me, when on account of its contents misunderstood, I am thus assailed with the *tender of a badge of infamy?* Is *life* in Mr. Jefferson's opinion *all*, and *character and reputation*, which alone can render it desirable, *nothing?* The great inquest of the nation, after hearing a variety of testimony, and particularly that of general Wilkinson, *by an opinion nearly unanimous on my subject, have absolved me from guilt!* No indictment has been preferred against me, tho' they have indicted various gentlemen in different parts of the United States. Was it then becoming the first magistrate of the union, whom I had approached with some degree of confidence against myself, and with regard to whom neither my conduct nor my language have ever been unfriendly—was it becoming *him* in a measure to forestall the opinion of the grand jury and to stigmatize me as a pardoned criminal?

The paper was never to get out of the President's hands—but it is *now* in the hands of the attorney for the Virginia district. On the 23*d* June, an occurrence of which the prints have taken no notice—the grand jury came into court. Their foreman stated that one of the witnesses had mentioned to him an important paper written by another witness, which was in the possession of Mr. H. the attorney, and of which they wished the delivery. Mr. Hay replied that this referred to *my letter to the President* which was *in his possession*, but that he did not consider himself warranted to give it to the grand jury. He also declared it to be his firm persuasion, that the paper was written in my own hand writing; it has further appeared that he had occasioned general Wilkinson to read it. Thro' him he had brought what is falsely stated to be its contents insidiously before the grand jury. Gen. Wilkinson, when before that body, and of course on his oath, did assert that *he saw* the paper in Mr. Hay's hands; that it was my hand writing and my signature!"

What shall we say? When dishonor, open, palpable dishonor is thus fixed on the chief magistrate, is it not a wound inflicted on the character of the nation itself?

From the same, of July 18.

The following is the leading article in the American Citizen of this morning:

"We have not for some time seen a paragraph so high-handed as that in the Evening Post of yesterday, in which, upon the authority of the outcast Bollman, a rambling vagabond, the President of the United States is charged with a breach of confidence! If the federal party be anxious for harmony at the present moment it would be well for them to recommend to their editors a very different course of conduct."

With the editor of the Citizen it may be "high-handed" to prove dishonor upon Mr. Jefferson; but I confess I have no idea that in this country any man should be permitted to find a shelter from infamy in an elevated station. Dishonor in one man is dishonor in another, and the President of the United States, if guilty, ought to be as much disgraced and shunned as any other individual.

What seems principally to have excited the indignation of the Citizen, is, that I should have relied on the authority of "outcast Bollman, a rambling vagabond:" but as I did not rely on the authority of Bollman, nor of any witness less than Mr. Jefferson himself, it is to be hoped the Citizen on reflection will permit himself to cool a little. Let us see how our proof stands.

"Thomas Jefferson," in a note under his own hand, now in the possession of Dr. Bollman, the authenticity of which is not denied, "gives his word of honor" that Dr. Bollman's communications which he solicits him to make, "*never shall be used against himself and—that the paper shall never go out of his hand.*" This paper, as is proved by the various *reports* of Burr's Trial *was made use of against Dr. Bollman on that Trial, was in the hands of the attorney for the United States*, and, a *public pardon was founded upon it.* "Gen. Wilkinson swore before the grand jury that he saw the paper in Mr. Hay's hands."

I confess it required evidence of the highest nature to fix such an act of turpitude on the president; and I am ready to acknowledge that I should not be willing to yield any belief to such a charge against him on the mere authority of Dr. Bollman or any other individual who might be personally inimical to him. But what escape have we from the irresistible proofs that beset us? There is no possibility of avoiding the shocking conclusion; unless it can be shewn that there has been some confusion as to papers and that when Wilkinson swore he saw the paper in Mr. Hay's hands in Dr. Bollman's hand-writing and signed by him, he swore to a falsehood and unless also it can be shewn that the president did not grant a pardon to Bollman founded upon this paper, agreeably to the declarations of the attorney for the United States in open court.

But I very much fear that nothing of all this can be shewn, and my fears arise both from the manner in which the contrary has come out, and from the defence of the president attempted in the Aurora of this morning. After four columns and a half, Duane only contrives to fix the charge deeper and deeper upon the man he affects to defend. In the face of his own paper of only the day before, he asserts that the communication was made to the president on a *single* condition.

"*The condition was single*, and on that single condition was the communication deliberately written and delivered, *that condition* was that it should never be used *against Bollman.* Here then we have not only the history of the disclosure, but the purpose is unfolded, and we find that Bollman, who talks so much of "*essential fraud and turpitude*," had actually made all these disclosures *upon the single condition of saving himself.*"—*Aurora.*

Was ever human impudence carried to so great a stretch? It was only in his paper of the very day before, that this man published Mr. Jefferson's note containing *two* conditions; one that the communications, "should never be used against Dr. Bollman;" the other, "*that the paper should never go out of Mr. Jefferson's hands.*" And yet this last promise, and the one on which the charge of perfidy principally rests, estalished I fear beyond all possibility of being ever shaken by any construction or explanation whatever; this promise, this condition is not only kept out of sight, but its very existence is denied by the very man who only the day before had produced it to the public under the sanction of Mr. Jefferson's own name, and in his own hand writing.

Alas! why must I blush for my country, while I push these proofs home in triumph? And can the friends, the advocates of Mr. Jefferson, do nothing better than thus by their clumsy, miserable artifices betray their consciousness of his guilt and their want of even a decent pretext to defend him?—His New-York advocate indeed takes a wiser course; he contents himself with abusing a witness who is not offered in the cause, and fervently hopes the *federal* party will interpose and *silence* their naughty, mischievous editors. If the federal party could any how destroy facts, if they could annihilate Mr. Jefferson's note, or return it to him and prove it had never been out of his possession, then indeed the federal party might befriend him and save the "drowned honor" of their country. Since Mr. Jefferson's editors have been kind enough to recommend a particular course to us, we will in turn recommend one to them, and that is, an *unbroken silence*—nothing can so effectually serve Mr. Jefferson just at this moment.

From the Repertory.

GOOD FROM EVIL.

EXPERIENCE tries systems of policy more effectually than the most cogent reasoning. It was ever the doctrine of the federalists when in power, that as the United States was naturally a commercial country, as its commerce was the grand source of its prosperity, as its commerce offered a strong temptation to the rapacity of every foreign maritime nation, that our government ought constantly to appropriate a portion of its abundant resources to an increase of the national power and means of defence. We say, this was the doctrine of the federalists in power—they believed it, and practised accordingly, and under their management, as the wealth of the country augmented, its character became more and more respected.

Men of different politics succeeded in administering the affairs of the nation—They disavowed these principles; They exerted themselves to render them obnoxious. The visionary and fatal position was advanced, that all effectual means of protecting commerce were inconsistent with that plan of economy, which was the true policy of this country; that "Reason" was to be regarded as the sovereign "Umpire" between civilized nations, and accordingly every previous measure which had been contemplated for augmenting our maritime force was suspended; not only so but reprobated. And to reconcile the people to a course so dangerous, they were persuaded to believe, that when men recommended an increase of warlike means, it was only from a wanton disposition to burden the people with useless taxes, and to place in the hands of government, a power which would be *dangerous to the liberty of the people!*

The consequences of this important revolution in the avowed policy of our rulers was early predicted. Mr. Jefferson however pertinaciously reduced his theory to practice. He recommended no measures, with regard to the physical strength of the nation, but such as threw a damp on the pride and energy of the American character. Insults and injuries were offered from one quarter and another—he endured and expostulated—nay we confidently say, that for some time the most flagrant insults that could be offered to a nation, he never asked redress, but endeavored to keep the disgrace we had experinced out of sight, by pecuniary speculations.

To discerning minds, to men of even common understanding and observation, the result of this policy has long been very obvious. The end of these things has been often and most solemnly predicted. From year to year we have waited patiently for an accommodation of early wrongs, we have been baffled, amused and deceived, until executive forbearance seemed at one moment exhausted, and a recurrence to force, was represented as an event that would probably soon become necessary.—How that little spasm of resentment yielded to further suits and negociation, the public well know.

In the mean time, the consequences of a depreciation of national character, began to manifest themselves in new insults offered to our flag and national sovereignty. French government vessels, like pirates have plundered and burnt our vessels at sea, with impunity. Spanish gun-boats conduct our Mediterranean merchantmen into Algesiras, on what principle, no one knows. A decree has been passed by Emperor Bonaparte against a considerable portion of our commerce, the intention of which has been rendered dubious, by a hypocritical and informal communication, while the letter of the decree has been in many intances enforced. The British have in various instances adopted principles in their courts of vice-admiralty, of which it is not known that the American government had any notice—and the sacrifice of our property, in some cases, in more the detention of vessels and derangement of voyages, have followed.

It would be endless to pursue this history in detail. One fact is established beyond dispute—the wrongs we have suffered from these several nations have, from year to year increased. The conduct of the Cambrian at New-York, the Leander off Sandy Hook, the French privateer off Charleston—the Spaniards in Louisiana and on the waters of the Mobile—the dictatorial tone with which Turreau settled our commercial relations, with St. Domingo—a thousand robberies and insults incessantly reported in the public papers; all shew to what we are approaching, and the sure fate of a rich nation, whose rulers have scouted the idea of NATIONAL DEFENCE. But though all these evils have been growing upon us, the public slumbered in our progressing weakness; the majority, at least, seemed to feel perfectly secure, and to exult in the fatal policy of our administration, until the thunder of the *Leopard* has roused them from their stupor, and electrized them with a perception of our exposed and at this moment helpless situation. Evil enough, we have mentioned; but where, ask our readers is the good? The good, and it may prove incalculable, is that Mr. Jefferson's policy has come to its crisis. It has been weighed in the balance of experiment and found wanting. The whole nation feels, at this moment, what a mistake, what a misfortune it is to be left naked and defenceless to the world. One of the most furious eulogists of Mr. Jefferson, and the canting maxims, by which he has governed himself and enfeebled the nation, exclaims in these express words—"*We want and must ultimately have an efficient armed force of some kind, and if the government will not provide one for us, why not by voluntary contribution, prepare it ourselves?*" The latter clause is a most severe reflection on the administration, but the former, is a genuine federal sentiment. Let us all unite in that; let it be not only a federal but the universal American sentiment, the voice of the people and the voice of government; and the national character will yet retrieve its dignity and respectability. We shall not keep ministers for a length of years at foreign courts, merely to announce to our government neglect and evasion. Let the page of folly, from which our rulers have preached for years, be turned over forever; and let us act from the conviction that among nations, POWER is more respected than REASON. Let us possess the one to enforce the other. This is the road and the only sure road to permanent Independence.

Hudson, *July 28.*

Be it our weekly task,
To note the passing tidings of the times.

THE TIMES.

Although the "speck of war" seems in some measure to have diminished, still we consider it as very far from having disappeared. We may be, and we hope we are, mistaken in our apprehensions; but we do most sincerely believe that the views of the British government are at this moment hostile to this country. We believe that they have been so, ever since the rejection of the treaty; and we further believe that no redress, accommodation or even explanation can be had until that treaty, or one equally exceptionable, has been ratified by our government.—Our government, then, we think, is in duty bound to put the country into a state of defence—to improve every moment while hostilities are suspended, in providing for war. The resources of the nation should be called out. Effectual means should be adopted for training and disciplining the detachment of militia ordered by the president. Fortifications should be erected at all events. The little remains of our navy should be got in readiness. (What a pity, that it does not consist of six sail of the line and thirty frigates!) Arms and military stores should be provided. In short, every nerve should be strained to put the country in a situation to ward off the threatened blow. If this is not done, and war should take place, we deserve the worst of fates.

REPORTS.

HOSTILE.

When the president's proclamation was delivered to commodore Douglas, he observed, that he "should next day quit his anchorage, and in other respects would controul his own conduct."

The British squadron, having come to anchor close into the Eastern Shore of Princess Anne, for the purpose, as was supposed, of procuring water, a detachment of cavalry was dispatched from Norfolk, to enforce the president's proclamation.

The Squirrel sloop of war lately *pressed thirteen passengers*, from the American ship Martha, off the capes of Delaware, and afterwards fired into and captured a northern schooner.—Said there was war between England and America.

Commodore Barron's trial is postponed for the present—probably forever!

Letters have been received in New-York from Liverpool as late as the 29th of May. They bring no news.

Note.

Dr. PORTER, Surgeon Dentist, desires us to say, that if the article in our last, concerning "*Doctor Boastum*," was intended as an allusion to him, he considers it as an unjust and ungenerous attack on a stranger, who can give satisfactory proof that he is no impostor.

Wreath.

EXTRACT.

From the Castle in the Air; to the little corner of the world,

ADDRESSED TO A LADY IN PARIS.

IN the region of clouds, where the whirlwinds arise,
My Castle of fancy was built,
The turrets reflected the blue of the skies,
And the windows with sun-beams were gilt.

The Rainbow sometimes in its beautiful state
Enamel'd the mansion around
And the figures that fancy in clouds can create,
Supplied me with gardens and ground.

I had grottos and fountains, and orange-tree groves,
I had all that enchantment has told;
I had sweet shady walks for the gods and their loves,
I had mountains of coral and gold.

But a storm that I felt not, had risen and roll'd,
While wrapped in a slumber I lay,
And when I look'd out in the morning, behold!
My Castle was carried away.

I pass'd o'er rivers and vallies and groves,
The world it was all in my view;
I thought of my friends, of their fates and their loves
And often, full often of you.

At length it came over a beautiful scene,
That Nature in silence had made;
The place was but small, but 'twas sweetly serene,
And chequer'd with sunshine and shade.

I gaz'd and I envied with painful good will,
And grew tir'd of my seat in the air;
When all of a sudden my Castle stood still,
As if some attraction was there.

Like a Lark from the sky, it came fluttering down,
And placed me exactly in view;
When who should I meet in this charming retreat,
This corner of calmness—*but you.*

Delighted to find you in honor and ease,
I felt neither sorrow nor pain;
And the wind coming fair I ascended the air,
And went back with my Castle again.

How strange are the changes that torture us here,
When tempests and hurricanes reign;
But the friendship that *suffers* is surely sincere,
Whate'er be the cause of the pain.

Improvement,

IN DEFENSIVE WAR.

From the Evening Post.

FULTON'S EXPERIMENT.

YESTERDAY at half past two, according to a notice given in the public prints, Mr. Fulton commenced his experiment for the purpose of blowing up a brig of 200 tons. Public curiosity had been much excited, and the Battery with the adjacent wharves and windows were crowded with curious spectators. At 2 o'clock Mr. Fulton passed near the battery with his two Gallies; himself in one containing a *torpedo* and the necessary apparatus; the other with another *torpedo* was placed under the direction of Mr. Robert Stephens. At 20 minutes past two the signal gun being fired at Fort Jay, the gallies advanced upon the brig; the *torpedoes* were then thrown upon the tide and as they were drawn along with the current, they fastened to the bottom of the vessel, near her keel; but from a defect in arrangement and an error, which was afterwards corrected, the explosion did not take place at the first attack. The second experiment, however, was made about 7 o'clock at the flood tide with the most complete success. The brig was torn to atoms and in 20 seconds after the explosion she sunk to the bottom.

This affair will be best understood by the description given in the subjoined letter of Mr. Fulton, addressed "*To the Governor, Mayor, and members of the Corporation of New-York.*

"GENTLEMEN,

"Yesterday my desire to satisfy public curiosity at the stated minute was as great as my never-ceasing anxiety to see our harbors and coasts placed beyond the power of foreign insults; and I lament exceedingly that numbers were disappointed by the explosion not taking place at the first attack. But it has given me much additional confidence in my engines, and I hope it will be some satisfaction to you and the public to know that the failure of the first attack was occasioned by the trifling circumstance of the lock being placed under the torpedo so that, when it struck, the powder fell out of the pan and did not take fire. On taking the torpedoes out of water where they had been for two hours, I found the locks and powder perfectly dry, and I immediately discovered the cause of the failure which I corrected by placing a piece of quick-match in the charge which the lock contained. Thus arranged, the fire was communicated to the 70 pounds of powder in the body of the torpedo. An explosion took place and the brig was decomposed.

You have now seen the effect of the explosion of powder under the bottom of a vessel, and this I believe is the best and most simple mode of using it with the greatest effect in marine wars; for a right application of one torpedo will annihilate a ship of the line nor leave a man to relate the dreadful catastrophe. Thus should a ship of the line containing five hundred men contend with ten good row boats each with a torpedo and ten men, she would risk total annihilation, while the boats under the cover of the night and quick movements would risk only a few men out of one hundred.

When two ships of equal force engage it may be doubtful which will gain the victory; frequently one hundred men are killed on each side, as many wounded, and the ships much injured; but even the vanquished vessel will admit of being repaired, and thus the number of ships of war are not diminished, but continue to increase, and tyrannise over the rights of neutrals and peaceable nations. Having now clearly demonstrated the great effect of explosion under water, it is easy to conceive that by organization and practice, the application of the torpedoes will, like every other art, progress to perfection. Little difficulties and errors will occur in the commencement, as has been the case in all new inventions, but where there is so little expence, so little risk, and so much to be gained, it is worthy of consideration, whether this system should not have a fair trial. Gunpowder within the last 300 years, has totally changed the art of war, and all my reflections have led me to believe that this application of it, will in a few years put a stop to maritime wars, and give that liberty on the seas which has long been anxiously desired by every good man, and secure to America that liberty of commerce, tranquility and independence which will enable her citizens to apply their mental and corporal faculties to useful and humane pursuits, to the improvement of our country, and the happiness of the whole people.

GENTLEMEN,

With deference I submit this view of the subject to you and every thinking American.

I have the honor to be,
With profound respect,
Your most obedient, and
Very humble servant,
ROBT. FULTON.

Terms of the Balance,

FOR 1807.

To City Subscribers, Two Dollars and Fifty Cents, payable quarterly.

To those who receive them by Mail, Two Dollars, payable in Advance.

To those who take their papers at the Office, in bundles or otherwise, a deduction from the city price will be made.

A handsome Title Page and Table of Contents will accompany the last number of the Volume.

NOTE.

The first, second, third, fourth and fifth Volumes of the Balance may be had on the following terms:

First Volume...unbound..	$ 2,
Second Volume,	$ 2,50
Third Volume,	$ 2,50
Fourth Volume,	$ 2,50
Fifth Volume,	$ 2,50
The five together,	$ 10

If bound, the price of binding (either plain or elegant) will be added---An unbound Volume may be sent to any Post-Office in the State for 52 Cents postage; or to any Post-Office in the Union for 78 Cents.

PUBLISHED BY

HARRY CROSWELL,

WARREN-STREET, HUDSON,

Where printing in general is executed with elegance and accuracy.